

Elvis Presley, Marguerita

Who makes my heart beat like thunder?
Who makes my temperature rise?
Who makes me tremble with wonderful rapture
With one burning glance, from her eyes
Marguerita
Once I was free as a gypsy
A creature too wild to tame
Then suddenly I saw, Marguerita
And I was caught, like a moth in the flame
Marguerita is her name
Marguerita
Her lips have made me her prisoner
A slave to her every command
She captivates me, and intoxicates me
With one little touch of her hand
Marguerita
Sweet Marguerita sweet,sweet Marguerita